

A Summer With Dr. Grenfell's Deep Sea Mission in Labrador.

American Physicians, Preachers, Bankers, Among His Helpers This Summer--The Lonely Region Where His Work Is Carried On--Medical Succor Given Fishermen Amid the Icebergs--Dog Sledges Instead of Ambulances--Labrador's Dog Terrors--Quaint Ways of the People Dr. Grenfell Is Helping--A Nurse's Experiences



OFF CAPE CHARLES.

To New York readers, Dr. Grenfell of the Labrador Medical Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, needs no introduction. Indeed, he would be a well-known figure in most of the New England and Middle Atlantic cities. And all those who had the good fortune last winter to hear him tell the story of the mission's work on the Labrador coast would be anxious to give him an enthusiastic, encouraging grip of the hand, if nothing more.

Of course the object of his journey was to arouse an interest in and raise funds for his work. In both he was most successful. So when he started back to his work last May he invited various of his American friends and helpers--men prominent as preachers, physicians, scientists, bankers, &c.--to come out to Labrador and see the work for themselves and take a hand in helping it, each as he could, smiling with his good encouraging smile, that there was no way of inspecting a work so good as to do a little of it.

Thus it happened that in July one of Boston's prominent preachers might have been seen trundling cord wood on a wheelbarrow up a long wharf from a schooner to a hospital wharf.

A doctor from the same town, with fingers so delicate as to have acquired fame at home in the handling of the organs of the eye and the ear, took to handling strathcona cargoes out there.

A former Harvard student laid away lots of good clothes, donated oilskins, and answered graciously all summer to the call, "Handy Andy." Were the call above decks or below at sea or ashore, there was always the ready response, "Aye, aye, sir," and given always to the one great master.

Two University of Pennsylvania athletes unloaded and carried bricks for a fox farm until their faces, at least, suggested Harvard rather than their own alma mater.

Although I was not preacher nor doctor nor scientist nor banker, I was asked to go out, and this is what we saw.

First, that wonderful, silent, lonely, wild, interior Newfoundland, with its great rushing rivers, its deep, black, hidden pools, its great shining lake, expense, hemmed in by snow-seamed mountains, all given over to the wood and the water game, only rarely disturbed by the human hand.

Then came St. John's, Newfoundland's city, with a situation that a royal city might envy, but made up of a collection of buildings so shabby that it was hard to tell where the wharf sheds ended and the houses began. Here, though, we did not arrive till the first of June, we were obliged to wait a week for the ice to break up enough in the northern harbors to admit of navigation

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A TYPICAL LABRADOR FISHING VILLAGE.

to send the corpse home. Were all well, Maria broken hearted. Your brother, Edward.

But such a judgment would be a great mistake. Never have I been among a people where God and the life to come make so large and so universal a part of the daily thought. If you are uncomfortable as morning and evening prayers, if grace at meals seems to you foolish, if you want to spend your Sundays gunning and fishing instead of at two, and sometimes three, earnest services, don't visit in the cabins of northern Newfoundland and Labrador.

The central building of every little hamlet on these bold coasts is a place of worship of some sort, Church of England, Methodist or Roman Catholic. And the unpainted, unvarnished pine walls and pews and pulpits are not without a beauty of their own, especially when the red pine with its exquisite graining is used. Each man, as he finds time, makes his own pew, brings it in and sets it down where he pleases. And it is rather a proud day when a man and his family move from the rough hewn log, with only one side planed, to the fresh, shining, new pew, so carefully planed and turned.

That their religion enters their very life you realize at every turn. Never in three months constant contact, and often under what the average American fisherman and sailor would call trying circumstances, did I hear one man use a profane expression. The skippers accompany their orders with "please," and the "sir" comes with a readiness not always noticed with us.

That it is a lonely, shut off life none can dispute, but I questioned many times this summer whether we, in our cruel, crowding, grasping, pushing cities, do not shut ourselves away from things really more vital perhaps than those missed by the Labrador fisherman. Whittier says of their land:

"O winter land! Thy right to be I own: God leaves thee not alone. And if thy fierce winds blow Over desert wastes of rock and snow, And at thy iron gates the ghostly icebergs wait, Thy homes and hearts are clear, Thy sorrow o'er thy sacred dust is sanctified by hope and trust: God's love and grace are here. And love wherever it goes, Makes its own atmosphere; Its flowers of Paradise Take root on the eternal ice. And bloom through Polar snows!"

And it is these "flowers of Paradise" that Dr. Grenfell, with his earnest, cheerful, hearty and manly intelligence is planting year by year all along that desolate, barren coast.

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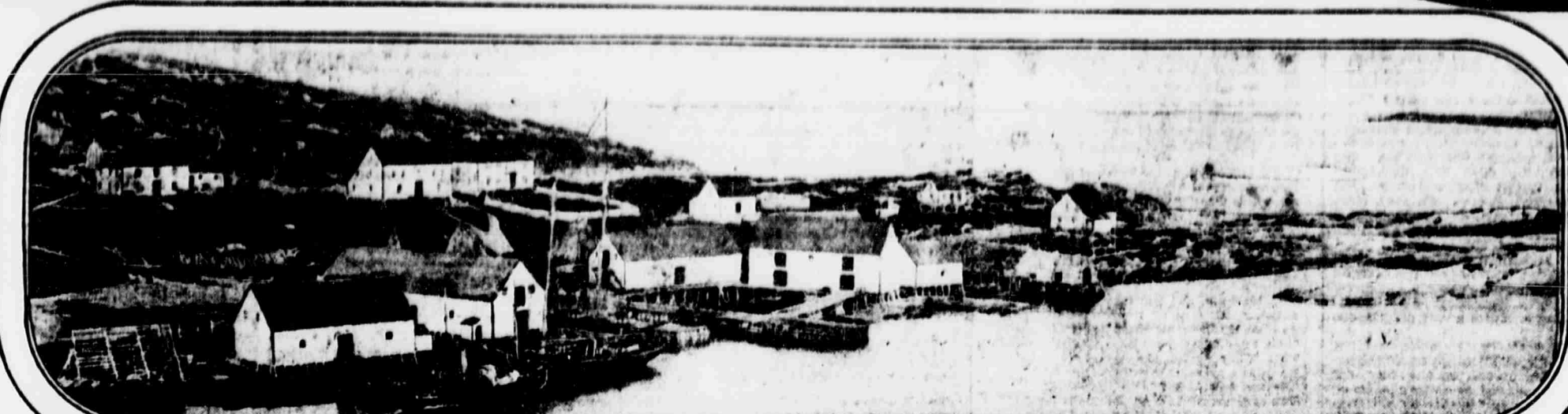
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BATTLE HARBOR, LABRADOR, SHOWING ON THE LEFT, THE DEEP-SEA MISSION HOSPITAL.



LABRADOR DOGS.

you come to hogsheads and hogsheads of what the Irishman calls "the" (the). Next come the stages (st), little houses, where the fish are cleaned and salted and behind all, tucked well up on the rocks, is the fisherman's tin house (H).

How, if labor and risk of life count in values, codfish ever came to sell at 12 cents a pound I can't see. First, the making of the trap net is one man's work for two winters. The stanch little trap boat adds more to the capital expense, and then comes all the toll and exposure. The true, the fishing operations are carried on in the summer time, but when on June is the thermometer registers only 30 degrees and snows hard and on the Fourth of July patriotic Americans are forced to set off their small fireworks facing a huge iceberg in a temperature of 45 degrees and regale themselves later on snow ice cream, supplied from a neighboring hillside, it doesn't make much difference what you call the season.

There is one thing that exists in the Labrador villages that no letters can adequately spell. That is the dog. These dogs are savage creatures. They eat the chickens, the sheep, the cows, each other, you or anything else. If a little child falls down it has to be snatched from the jaws of the beast. At Battle Harbor these dogs have been known to rip three thicknesses of board from a building to get at seal meat inside. And their howlings at night can only be described as the echoes of Hades.

A nurse's life is not an easy one anywhere, but to be rounded at 1 A. M. by a doctor arriving with sixty dogs, four komatiks, with their drivers, three dying patients, and one dead, is a livelier experience than is often offered in city hospitals, but is no unusual occurrence in the mission hospitals on the Labrador.

Funerals on the Labrador coast are an impressive sight. The Newfoundland fishermen who dwell there in the summer have a prejudice against burying their dead there. If a comrade dies early in the season the fishing cannot be stopped, but the body is embalmed and left till the return voyage.

The mourners pass to the bleak, cheerless graveyards of this rocky coast in processions, two by two, in winter the coffin on a komatik drawn by friends, in summer carried by hand. All are in the deepest black, the women with long veils and the men with hat bands--black or white, according to the nearness of relationship to the deceased--two or more yards in length, tied in a knot and left to stream out behind.

The neighborliness and friendly dependence of these primitive settlements is realized when one fisherman in a tiny community makes, in his lifetime, no less than sixty coffins for those in need, each taking a day or more from his precious fishing, and all for no pay.

From the following letter, received at one of the hospitals last winter, one might conclude these a somewhat frivolous people, not much given to awe and reverence:

Dr. Grenfell, we hear you are sick in the hospital. We don't know the doctor's name, so we write to you. Please tell the doctor

He became manager for Amelia Bingham several years ago, and that relation was the source of many characteristic jokes. His friends learned of his change in business by means of his business card, which read:

WILL A. MCCONNELL, Supported by AMELIA BINGHAM.

Miss Bingham did continue to pay his salary for some time, although the disagreement between them was frequent and annoying.

Charles Frohman once took McConnell aboard with him because his humor was so spontaneous and unflagging; and there was always a demand for his society, even among those who knew him best and saw him most frequently.

For the last fifteen years of his life he was a strict teetotaler. In his early days a too excessive geniality interfered with his prosperity. In this way he successfully lost control of three theaters he had partly owned.

"I should think you would find it hard not to drink, thrown with the people you meet," one of his friends said to him one day.

"It's no trouble at all to stop drinking," he said, "after you've drunk up three theaters."

HIS DEBT TO CANADA. Mr. Capron Expressed His Gratitude Without Specifying.

The members of a naval committee of the House of Representatives not so many years ago had a little cruise in the waters of the northern Atlantic. At St. John's a stop was made, and there the men from Washington received much attention from the Canadians. At a dinner one evening the Americans vied with the Canadians in expressions of friendship and comity.

Among the speakers was Congressman Capron of Rhode Island, and it was generally agreed that he made the hit of the evening.

Gentlemen, observed Mr. Capron, "it is indeed difficult for me to say anything that at all approaches the cleverness of the speakers preceding me, but I am in deep sympathy with all efforts to strengthen the ties of friendship between our two countries. Personally, I treat under a sense of deep gratitude toward Canadians, especially those of the islands. Many years ago there came to my home a girl from Prince Edward Island, and she has ever since remained there to brighten it."

This bit of sentiment from Mr. Capron was greeted by vociferous applause. Clearly the Rhode Islander had surpassed all the others. After the dinner one of Capron's colleagues, well acquainted with him and his family, said:

"Your speech surprised me. I didn't know that your wife was from Prince Edward Island."

"Nor is she," replied Capron; "but our cook came from that place."

MRS. RUBBERINO STOPS DARNING

She Surveys the People in the Flat Above and Tells Mrs. Gitapp What She Thinks of Her.

Mrs. Rubberino sat in a rocking chair in the parlor and folded her legs. The third floor Harlem flat, darning the Rubberino bosomy. At the sound of a masculine voice from the floor above she stopped darning the needle, raised her eyes to the ceiling, and cocked her head one side.

"There goes that Gitapp man, starting in with his regular getting-out-of-bed forenoon grouch," mused Mrs. Rubberino. Now, I s'pose he'll keep up his jawing until he gets his clothes on and eats his breakfast.

"It's queer how that Gitapp man can stay in bed till 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, 'deed it is. I wonder what he really does for a living."

Mrs. Gitapp, tries to tell me that he's a broker down on Wall Street, but he looks a lot more like a cheap actor or some kind of a horsey man than a broker. And the idea of her trying to tell me that he doesn't drink!

"I should think she'd be ashamed to death to tell people such a thing, when everybody hears him stumbling in at all hours, humming horrid ragtime songs, and laughing and clomping around just as if he could hardly stand on his feet. The idea of a woman trying to cover up her husband's drunkenness! I'd just like to see myself doing anything like that for Rubberino!"

"And just listen to that Gitapp man rumbling and growling around now! Does anybody s'pose that he'd carry on that way every morning when he gets out of bed if he didn't have that morning-after feeling and the big head that goes with it?"

"Mrs. Gitapp thinks that when he goes out before breakfast he only goes to get a paper, but I've seen him several times dodging into that saloon on the corner, and, of course, he drinks three or four cocktails for an appetizer for breakfast--he has to, the sudden thing, I dare say, before he eats anything! If Mrs. Gitapp isn't the simplest!"

"Humph! He certainly is raising Cain with her this morning," Mrs. Rubberino went on musing, as she tipped out to the kitchen and opened the door of her dumb-waiter shaft softly in order to listen to the sounds coming from above. "He's growling at her now for not having been home when he got home for dinner last evening, and I don't blame the man!"

"Of all the gadders I ever saw, that Mrs. Gitapp is the worst! Why, she no sooner gets the man out of the flat after his breakfast than she just turns handspikes to get her clothes and her makeup on, and then she's out, and down town and goodness--

knows where all! She's never home for lunch, and she just manages to traipse in a minute or so before he gets home for dinner--can't I hear her just more than throwing off her street clothes and getting into a house jacket, so's to make him believe that she's been home all day?"

"Uh-huh! Just listen to that! So it's the money that he gave her to pay the meat and grocery bill with that paid for that new pongee coat she's got! I thought so!"

"Well, did you ever! No wonder the tradesmen are always hinting around about the Gitapps! Uh-huh! He's insisting that she take the pongee coat back and get the money, and pay those bills!"

"Wonder if she'll do it? Of course I wouldn't do it if I were she, but I just hope she'll do it and makes her, and then I'll certainly make Rubberino let me have the money for a pongee coat to-morrow, and flash it on her, and she'll have taken her back by that time, I do hope! Then she'll try to tell me that she took the coat back because she found she didn't care for it, but, of course, I can ask her pointedly if Mr. Gitapp liked it, and I'll bet she'll know then that I know all about it!"

"My, but she gave him a shot that time!--told him that if he'd quit playing the horses and poker and such like she wouldn't have to take meat and grocery money to buy rugs with! Now she's getting warmed up and spunky and talking back, and dear me, I'm so afraid that he won't be able to make her take back that pongee coat! I don't know whether I'd care to have one flustered like that back hers."

"Pity sakes alive, listen to that! She's noticed that he's not wearing that big flashy diamond ring that he usually has on, and she's asking him where it is, and he's telling her it's none of her business, and she says he has pawned it to play the horses with, and he ain't saying a word--well, well, well!"

"Good for her! Uh-huh, but he got back at her that time. Told her she never saw a diamond in her life until she became engaged to him, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if he was right, at that."

"She always looked to me like a woman not used to much. I know that when the Gitapps were down here to dinner, and we had fish, Mrs. Gitapp just couldn't seem to make out what the bone dishes were for, and she blushed just furiously when I told her--I had to tell her, of course--that they were to put the fish bones in."

"Well, if that doesn't sound mean in her--throwing it up to the man that he paid \$70 for a suit of clothes, when every blessed thing that she wears--outside, I mean--she gets made up in New York. Such selfishness! I'd like to see Rubberino pay \$70 for a suit of clothes, at that."

"It's sinful for men to pay such prices for clothes, when it's perfectly possible nowadays for a man that's got any kind of shape at all to get the nicest kind of a readymade suit for \$15. That reminds me that I must meet Rubberino downtown at luncheon to-morrow and help him to pick out a ready-

made suit, and he can take me to Giuseppe's for luncheon--they do have such lovely luncheons at Giuseppe's for only 42¢!"

"I do wish they wouldn't cook fried cabbage up there for breakfast--smelling up the whole place! It's wonder they wouldn't have something fit to eat for breakfast."

"But these people that are all for show never have anything worth eating on their table--didn't I see one of the awfullest looking chuck steaks--yes, chuck steak, just think of it!--going up on the dumb-waiter to the Gitapps only day before yesterday! I suspected that it might be chuck steak or something like that, so I just opened the paper a little bit and took a peek at it as it went up, and there it was, chuck steak, as big and as natural as life! I thought I would die!"

"Hum, now Gitapp's got his clothes on, and he's gone out to 'get a paper.' It's all over for the morning, for he'll come back for breakfast all lit up as usual and cheerful, and she saying that he never drinks. The very idea!"

Then Mrs. Rubberino softly closed the dumb-waiter door, and resumed her hosiery darning.

An hour or so later there was a ring at the hall door of the flat and Mrs. Rubberino went to the door. The caller was Mrs. Gitapp.

"Why, you dear, mean old thing, you, Clara Gitapp!" exclaimed Mrs. Rubberino, taking Mrs. Gitapp in her arms. "It's a wonder you didn't pass by, as usual!"

"You just know I've been up to your flat a hundred times to your once down here! My husband was wondering only last night why you and Mr. Gitapp never came down."

"My, but you're looking rosy! I heard you laughing and jesting with Mr. Gitapp this morning--my, but you're a couple to be envied, to be sure!"

"Do take off your things and stay a while, my dear. Isn't that pongee coat a perfect love! I declare it makes me perfectly green with envy! My, but what a lucky girl you are to have a husband that gives you everything in this wide world that you ask for!"

Prof. Blackie and the Bookbinder. From The Bits.

Prof. Blackie used to form a very picturesque feature in the Edinburgh streets. He was a che